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Matters of Moment

The Commoner's Sincerity.

It is significant that the first broadside aimed at Mr. Bryan immediately after his nomination came from Mr. Hearst. Thus were the wooing overtures that the Democratic leader had made for the support of the Independents ruthlessly scorned and discarded. Mr. Bryan for all his careful and expert platform carpentry, finds himself between the devil and the deep sea. He is too conservative for the radicals; he is too radical for the conservatives.

William Jennings Bryan's hold upon the popular imagination has been mainly due to the power of his personal magnetism which has impelled belief in his sincerity. Twelve years ago, however, the Commoner had no disconcerting record behind him. He launched himself upon the tide of popular favor as a prophet with a financial remedy. It is a remarkable tribute to the man's great personal force that he should have retained his leadership after the nation had been thoroughly convinced that his proposed remedy was vain. It is even more remarkable that Mr. Bryan has been able to bury with such facility many other doctrines to which he had pinned his faith, without burying himself or clouding his reputation for sincerity. Nor will the explanation suffice that Mr. Bryan, like every other wise statesman, has expanded and outgrown his former clothes. If his free-silver ideas could be forgiven and forgotten, it is more difficult to render convincing account for his change of front on such a fundamental question as the government ownership of railways.

In days gone by the Commoner did not trim his sails to the wind. In Ignatius Dunn's nominating eulogy at Denver, he pointed out that Bryan "denounced imperialism before any other man of prominence had expressed himself on the subject, and without waiting to see whether it would be popular." But the Bryan of today is not as reckless as the Bryan of 1896 or 1898. To the dispassionate observer it must appear that the Commoner has grown more zealous for votes than for principles. In the attempt to convince the people that he is still

sincere, Mr. Bryan has the hardest task of his career before him.

Making Martyrs of Them.

The present campaign on the part of the police to prevent socialist and other agitators from speaking in the parks and other public places is ill-advised. Instead of suppressing socialistic activities such tactics only foment them. Agitators of all creeds and stripes cannot exist without notoriety, and the more attention they can draw to themselves, the more surely they thrive. It is for this reason, of course, that the socialist speakers, of both sexes and particularly those who wear petticoats, hail the "martyrdom" of imprisonment with joy and satisfaction.

Just as most of us had forgotten the existence of Dr. Arthur D. Houghton, formerly councilman, he is permitted to leap once more into the limelight, because, standing on a soap-box at a street corner, he commenced to harangue his fellow citizens and was arrested accordingly. Dr. Houghton, of course, revels in this new lease of notoriety, so long denied him, and his next public appearance will be rewarded with far greater attention and twice the audience than he could have hoped for if he had been allowed to finish his talk and get the wind out of his system.

Free speech is such an inalienable right in a free republic that all the fool city ordinances ever framed cannot exterminate it. Bottle up the energies of these stormy petrels, and you only manifold their strength. As long as they refrain from treason or anarchy they should be permitted to have their say. It is quite as necessary for some men—and more women—to talk as it is for others to breathe. Anti-expectoration ordinances are necessary sanitary precautions; attempts to stop free speech cannot be healthy either for the individuals or for the community.

If Los Angeles authorities need an example of the result of unnecessary and inexpedient interference with "demonstrating" agitators, let them turn their faces

Londonwards and note the tremendous growth in the female suffrage movement in England due almost entirely to the attention which the "suffragettes" have drawn to themselves in persuading the police to arrest them.

If there is danger from the growth of Socialism in Los Angeles, why not find speakers of sufficient force and readiness of wit to reply at street corners and elsewhere to the arguments and propaganda of those whom General Otis loves to call the "reds?" And it would really be invaluablely instructive if the editor of the "Times" himself could find time to tear himself away from his frescoes and orate in person on a soap box. He knows he has the arguments. Why not produce them viva voce, as well as in "Times" editorials?

Concerning the "Express's" attitude on this question, it is having a tearful time because the women under arrest are confined in the city jail. Those women can be freed at any time by giving bail, but they and their supporters decline to furnish bonds. What other course is open to the police?

The Irrepressible Hobson.

Richmond Pearson Hobson, who is still traveling and trading very profitably on the strength of the Merrimac episode, created a somewhat riotous diversion at the Denver convention. Mr. Hobson, of course, benefited considerably by the juicy advertisement he obtained by his rash and silly talk. He is still much in demand by Chautauqua and lyceum bureaus, and his value as a lecturer, unfortunately, depends mainly on his notoriety. It is only reasonable to suppose that it is with this end in view that Mr. Hobson seeks every opportunity to indulge in sensational utterances, even to the length of making an ass of himself. Because of the Merrimac exploit, and despite the fact that the experts of history declare Mr. Hobson sank the ship in the wrong place, Mr. Hobson still appeals to the multitude as a naval expert. With the halo of heroism still around his handsome head, his words fall with undue weight upon the receptive ears

of Chautauquans and Lyceumites. But upon the more mature and callous Democrats at Denver they fell with a dull and reverberating thud. Even if there were any ground for Hobson's fearful prophecies of war with Japan, it would be the most foolish and unpatriotic policy to give vent to them. If President Roosevelt were ever indiscreet enough to make a confidante of the irrepressible Hobson, the sooner he elects Hobson to membership in the Ananias Club the better. For Hobson to be stumping the country quoting the President as saying that war with Japan is imminent gives the jingoes of both countries an excuse to make trouble. In the face of existing conditions and of the fact that Japan's financial resources and borrowing ability are exhausted, it is not credible that Mr. Roosevelt confided in Mr. Hobson that war is imminent. In her ambition to become the dominant power of Eastern Asia and to control the destiny of her neighbors, Japan has set herself a task which will absorb all her energies and resources for many years. There is no reason why the United States should interfere with that ambition. If Japan can find an outlet for her superfluous population in Eastern Asia, so much the better for the United States. But the activities of a few more Hobsons might cause irritations if not complications which far-seeing Japanese statesmen are at present most anxious to avoid. The mouth of Richmond Pearson Hobson should be stopped, if it takes all the lips of pretty Chautauqua and Lyceum maidens to do it, and the working of the Hobson jaw should certainly not be stimulated by President Roosevelt.

The Social Disease.

The social disease which for want of a better name is usually called the "social evil," is evidently an unfailing companion of civilization—or what we call civilization. Every effort to suppress it, in Los Angeles and elsewhere, has ended in failure. Yet, unwarned by the teachings of the past, a campaign of suppression is being urged by the "Evening Express" and its ministerial allies.

For this social disease there is no legal, moral or even physiological excuse, much as some men claim that a real defense can be made on physiological grounds. It is here—it is ineradicable as long as social conditions and requirements militate against early marriage. When an agitation such as has been started by Prosecuting Attorney Woolwine gets under way, it is just as well that the plain truth be told and, offering neither excuse or defense for the disease itself, the agitators be informed exactly what their efforts will accomplish.

These movements are usually conceived in religious fervor and born in the desire to do right. One of the premonitory signs is generally a slumming expedition by men and women who ought to know better and whose minds must be unclean. No chaste-minded and normal man or woman would have anything to do with these personal inquiries—but one of them is about due. The next step is to invoke the power of the police authorities and drive out the fallen women and worse men who make up the population of the tenderloin. This is supposed by the agitators to eliminate the social evil—but it doesn't. The upshot of a morality campaign, a month or more in duration, is that

the disease is scattered all over the city, just as it was some four or five years ago. Some of the hotels and most of the downtown lodging houses are invaded by loose characters and the residential districts, even the best, suffer from the incursion of undesirable males and females driven from their own quarter by the "civic-righteousness" stimulated energy of the police. The agitation then cools down and finally slumbers. The police, who recognize the danger of having human cattle of this character scattered all over the community, begin the reconcentration. This is accomplished without much trouble and things move along until the next agitation breaks out. History repeats itself and the same performance is enacted.

So far, this incipient agitation has lacked one of the features incident to previous performances. There has been no slumming expedition, although signs are not wanting that one will come along in due season. Maybe it will come to pass that the Mayor and the Police Commissioners will have sufficient strength of will to resist the forces that make for scattering the social disease all over the city. Should the police authorities refuse to be stampeded by the clamor, and persist in keeping this evil segregated, as it should be, they will receive the commendation and support of every man in the city, whose vision is not flurred by idealistic dreams.

The law, of course, is with the agitators. He would be a hardy man who would stand up in the legislature of California or in the city council of Los Angeles, and champion the licensing and strict regulation of the social evil. In this instance, at least, men will not openly champion what they believe to be the best public policy. They know that to do so would involve pillorying by that portion of the press of which the "Express" is such a shining exemplar. Rather than undergo abuse, those who believe in regulation submit to the enactment of laws absolutely impossible of enforcement, depending on police toleration to settle a question that should be handled otherwise if public interest and health are to be conserved.

Why not come out in the open; admit that suppression is a failure and always will be so; and proceed with a plan of regulation and segregation based on the experience of European cities?

Prosecute the Newspaper. ✕

There has been in private circulation in this city for perhaps four weeks a poem, the title of which is unnecessary to name, and the contents of which, undoubtedly poetry in the true sense, are no better and no worse than the Decameron, the Heptameron, the novels of Masuccio, the Droll Stories of Balzac, and similar literature. The sale grew so rapidly that the publishers thought to stimulate business by advertising. The "Times" published the advertisement—very naturally, because nothing in the advertising line, in the estimation of the "Times," can possibly be obscene, so long as the "Times" gets the hog's share of the business.

The upshot was that the police swooped down on the newstands and those book stalls that combine second-hand book trading with other lines. The offenders were fined sums ranging from \$10 to \$100.

(It is as pertinent to ask why the police did

not proceed against General Otis and arrest him as an aider and abettor of the crime of the book dealers. If they were guilty, he was equally guilty. As they were fined, so should he have been fined.

Next, and lastly, if the poem is obscene literature, it was the duty of the postal authorities to see to it that the issue of the "Times" which contained this obscene advertisement did not get through the mails.)

Conventions and Psychology.

Foreign observers have frequently voiced their interest and surprise at the American convention habit. They fail to fathom the joys of conventions, they refuse to be thrilled by their excitements. Their bewilderment will not have been diminished if they were spectators and auditors at either of the recent ebullitions of national animal spirits at Chicago or Denver, or even if they have digested a fair impression from the voluminous reports of the proceedings. They do not understand why thousands of citizens travel thousands of miles to sit for days and nights in sweltering buildings, crowded and uncomfortable, in order to indorse candidates of whose selection there is no doubt, and to ratify platforms, already cut and dried.

Within the past twenty years the convention habit has grown phenomenally. Thousands of conventions are held in this great land every year, and from the big political gatherings every four years down to the annual conclaves for the deliberations and division of honors by the undertakers and dancing masters, they are all enjoyable events. A convention provides a plausible excuse for a holiday, for travel and sight-seeing—all of which are beneficial considerations—but its greatest attraction is the interest and excitement of unusual human intercourse. The political conventions, of course, provide the most interest and most excitement, at all events for those actually participating therein, because figures of national reputation are "in the picture," and because for the time being the eyes of the whole country are centered upon the scene of action.

At long distance it may be impossible to sympathize with the tumults of noise and the torrents of excitement that raged at the Chicago convention, all records for which were surpassed at Denver. One must have been there to appreciate that there was any sense in such nonsense, that any one could have experienced any pleasure in such tempestuous proceedings. But a saturnalia of noise can present no attraction to those out of earshot.

One easily forgets that it is impossible to feel great exhilaration without giving vent to it, and that shouting is the easiest and most natural expression of exhilaration. And nothing is more contagious than emotional excitement, whether it be sad or joyful. Only half a dozen men and women have to start a tear duct at a religious revival meeting, and in a few minutes the congregation is convulsed by the quake of sympathetic emotion. Much the same psychological cause is responsible for the weird scenes and phenomenal noise at the great political conventions. A few well organized, indeed professional, "spielers," judiciously located in the convention hall, and armed with useful paraphernalia, such as megaphones, banners and (save the mark!)

doves, seize the "psychological moment" to start the "rumpus." The rest only depends on the lung limitations of the delegates, and the gallery, and their powers of endurance. These extraordinary demonstrations, while the foreign observer may question the sanity of the performers, are not really unwholesome, for they involve a vast amount of physical effort, and also, the event of people "letting themselves go" is said to be healthy, if not too frequently indulged. A few instances of temporary nervous prostration may result, but the majority of performers, after profuse perspiration from unusual exercise, sleep well and eat heartily. Moreover, when they return home, proud of having beaten all previous records in the length and noise of the "demonstration" in which they participated, they declare they have had "the time of their lives." And if they believe they have enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent possible—whatever the strange form of their enjoyment—their authority cannot be questioned.

The Englishman, it has been observed, "takes his pleasures sadly." The reverse, happily, is true of the American. Whatever the entertainment, if he has made up his mind "to have a good time," the result is assured. Moreover, the American is fortunate that he can also take his work joyfully—even the work of a political convention. Certain it is that only the determination of delegates and the gallery to make the recent conventions interesting saved the schedules and programs of the "steam rollers" from intolerable monotony.

But when will the record for convention noise be reached? Forty seconds for Taft, forty minutes for Roosevelt, eighty minutes for Bryan—these as yet mark the phenomenal progression. Obviously it is up to William Randolph Hearst and the Independence party to smash all previous standards. Mr. Hearst should at least be able to achieve victory—in noise.

Scenery While You Wait

Why travel o'er the briny deep, to get a change of scene?
It's shifting here at home without a breathing space between.
A scene viewed in the morning ere the night has passed away,
And here is something new we found upon our barn today:

"If you'd be rid of all your ills,
Just take a dose of Purdy's Pills."

We'd scarcely had a minute to enjoy the sight so new
When came another painter to obliterate the view.
He covered up the pill ad with an almost fiendish glee,
And this is what he spread aloft for all the world to see;
"When you wake up and can not snooze,
Try half a pint of Moonlight Booze."

He saw no one was looking, so he painted on the cow:
"The Moonlight is the best of all. Why don't you try it now?"
He'd scarcely finished up his work of art and started hence
When came another artist and inscribed upon our fence:
"If squeaky wagons mar your peace,
Try Bunkum's Patent Axle Grease."

He had no more than left us when we found upon the shed
The work of still another one, and this is what it said:
"If you eat Grapo-Cracko, you'll be happy evermore."
And later this is what we found upon our hencoop door:
"There's not a bunion in this town
That can't be cured by Dr. Brown."

When we have gone to our reward, to take our place on high,
We will not be surprised to see some painter, on the sly,
Inscribing on the gate and on the walls with perfect ease
A few last bits of good advice to guide us, such as these:

"Before you tread the streets of gold
See Binks and have your shoes half-soleed."

"When you would brighten up your crown,
Use Scourine Polish. Best in Town."

"If you are awkward, why not try
Prof. Jones and learn to fly?"

"Be sure and buy a city guide,
You'll need it when you get inside."

—Roy K. Moulton in Collier's Weekly.

Reminiscences of Andy Johnson—XII

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2)

which took place on March 5, 1862—I was instructed to proceed to Louisville and make arrangements for the transportation of the military governor and some others from Louisville to Nashville. Geo. D. Prentice, to whom I had a letter from Colonel John W. Forney, took me to the office of the Superintendent of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and I soon afterward had placed at my service a locomotive, baggage car and passenger coach. Besides Mr. Johnson and his other secretary, William A. Browning, there were in the party Horace Maynard (afterward Minister to Turkey), Emerson Etheridge and William B. Stokes, the three Congressmen from Tennessee—one from each division—who had remained loyal to the Union. We reached Nashville March 12th at 6 o'clock in the evening, and were taken to the St. Cloud Hotel. A small crowd was there to receive the party. There was a supper, and Johnson made a speech defining his policy.

The first thing done was the closing up of all the secession newspaper offices—except one—that one the "Dispatch." This paper was owned by a Secessionist named McKee, but he was poor, and he gave me his word to maintain a strict neutrality in his editor-

als on the war, and he kept his word.

I accompanied the Military Governor to the State Capitol the following day, and was appointed assistant provost marshal, and had charge of all passes, and also of city, county and state institutions, theaters, churches, and of all places where liquors were sold, for Johnson had been clothed with great civil and military authority. Loyal Tennesseans, regardless of former party affiliations, were placed in all the state positions made vacant by the runaway Secessionists, and in a few days much municipal tranquillity had been brought out of tremendous disorder. In the meantime, Johnson was ever vigilant, and in a month or more had ridded the country about Nashville of the undesirable class, such as the wealthy aiders and abettors of the rebellion like General Hardin, Wash. Barrows, and others, and of all the ministers of the gospel, except one Protestant preacher and four Catholic priests. Most of these wealthy rebels were sent to Northern prisons, while all young men, and others of fighting age and physique, who would not take the oath of allegiance, were sent South through the nearest lines.

It was a most spectacular period from the

time Johnson arrived in Nashville, early in 1862, until he departed, about three years afterward, as Vice-President-elect, as for a long time that city had been the hugest military station (or military center) of the war; many majestic battles had been fought not many miles away, and all the troops operating in Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia had marched through the streets of Tennessee's beautiful capital. Twice or thrice the Confederates encircled the city with their outer lines; once Johnson was commanded by Forrest to surrender; twice the city was attacked, and once, had it not been for Johnson's opposition, Nashville would have been surrendered—I mean when Buell withdrew from Tennessee most of his forces with which to operate in Kentucky against Bragg. Through all of these exciting scenes the Military Governor kept in touch with the soldiers, and saw nearly 30,000 Tennesseans recruited and in the field, serving under the Stars and Stripes. How far this wonderful man succeeded in his scheme of reconstruction is glowingly shown in the fact that five months before the ending of the war he not only proved that Tennessee was not out of the Union, but had carried the State as candidate for Vice-President.

and a Legislature had been elected which sent Patterson (his son-in-law) and Fowler to the United States Senate. Every Congressman elected was a Union man, and Parson Brownlow had been chosen at the same election as Governor.

During these three years, Johnson visited Washington twice, and left me in charge of his general affairs. Once I was sent to Washington, and made my way successfully through John Morgan's lines, carrying the following letter:

"Executive Mansion,
"Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 7th, 1862.

"Sir—On account of our having been shut up here for many weeks, with the rebels on all sides, we have been without telegraphic despatches or newspapers, and we are as much without knowledge of what is going on in the country as though we were not in it at all. All our news comes either from rebel deserters or rebel newspapers, and are probably similarly unreliable. One of my staff officers, Benjamin C. Truman, leaves with this letter to you, which you will please accept as a letter of introduction. He has been with me from the time of our arrival, and is conversant with all that has transpired since my last report. Whatever he says may be implicitly relied upon.

"Respectfully,

"ANDREW JOHNSON,

"Military Governor of Tennessee."

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

"President of the United States."

I remained in Washington six days, and saw Mr. Lincoln twice. I reported to him in brief what had transpired in and around beleaguered Nashville. Mr. Lincoln said he held Johnson in the highest esteem, and many times declared that he was the greatest man of the war. There was a good deal in common between the two men, as both were men of the people. Lincoln was always fond of talking about the obscure beginning of Johnson and his rapid advancement, and there was no doubt but Lincoln and Johnson were mutual admirers. Lincoln never tired of alluding to the fact that of the twenty-two Senators from the South, Johnson was the solitary figure that remained steadfast at the post of the Union. And when, later on, some of Johnson's enemies tried to poison Lincoln's mind about Johnson, Lincoln always excused the faults which others could find. I have sometimes tried to think what might have been the result had Lincoln lived out his term, and I have always reached the conclusion that he would have tried to make "Andy," as he called him, his successor. Johnson had the most unbounded confidence in Lincoln, and thought him the greatest man of the war; and Lincoln was one of the very few men who could convince Andy "against his will."

Mutual in their admiration for each other, and each commencing life along not altogether dissimilar lines, there was nevertheless a marked difference in the temperaments of Lincoln and Johnson which must be borne in mind in making comparison or in estimating Johnson's administration. Lincoln could have done what Johnson did, and explained it. He would have told a story, making the application with good feeling. Johnson, in doing the same thing, said by his manner: "I have said it. It is my policy, and that is all there is to it."

And, of course, the men to whom he said this hit back, even though they knew he were in the right. And while Johnson was obstinate and daring, he was not actually headstrong. Indeed, all of his acts that led up to the impeachment trial were approved and generally advised by Seward, Bancroft, Evarts, Grant, McCullough, Doolittle and others high in place in the Union-Republican party. I know this as a fact, for the President often used to say that if he was wrong Seward was wrong, and if Seward was wrong, Lincoln had been wrong—for Johnson took the position that if any man knew Lincoln it was Seward. Johnson always consulted Seward, and used to say, "Seward says for me to stick to my position; that it is the same as that which had been outlined to him by Lincoln." I refer, in saying this, to Johnson's general policy of reconstruction and not to any details.

Besides, which was exceedingly unfortunate, Johnson was constantly suffering from comparison with Lincoln. I think it is pretty generally agreed that there has been but one Lincoln; and, as Johnson followed him in office so closely, it is no wonder that he suffered. To be sure, Lincoln would have encountered radical opposition, but he would have yielded—that is, he would have yielded to some extent. Johnson did not know how to yield—especially when he believed he was in the right.

The result of the McClure-Nicolay controversy a few years ago proved conclusively that Mr. Lincoln preferred Mr. Johnson for Vice-President in 1864, over all others, after he had become satisfied that General Butler would have nothing to do with it. I took so active a part in pressing Johnson to the front about this time, that there is no harm at this late day in making the matter public. I was a regular correspondent of the "Philadelphia Press" and "New York Times," and wrote occasionally for the "Chicago Tribune." In my letters, I kept the name of Johnson constantly before the readers of those great papers, and once in a while connected him with the coming Vice-Presidency. A few days after the battle of Resaca ((Georgia), early in 1864, I arrived in Nashville from the front, and met an old friend in the person of Tom Cook (possibly still living), special correspondent of the "New York Herald." I asked him to dine, and he accepted the invitation. At dinner I said: "When are you going to the front? I know everybody, and can put you in clover." And he replied about as follows:

"I am not going to the front. I am here as volunteer aid on General Dan Sickles' staff, and our business is in Nashville. The President has sent General Sickles here on an important mission—can't you guess it?"

I could not. I did not try.

"He has come down here to look after Johnson."

"To look after Johnson," I repeated, in great astonishment.

"Yes—to look after Johnson. To see what he is doing. To look into his habits. The President regards Johnson as the greatest man of the war, in many respects, but he has heard that his habits are not so good as they should be."

I laughed and said: "I do not understand you."

"Isn't the Governor too fond of drink?"

"I have never noticed it."

"Tell the truth now, Truman. Don't the old man drink more than he should?"

My answer was, that while he drank a few times daily, and could manage as much as any one at night, I had never seen him at all under the influence of liquor—or at least enough so to attract attention. Then Cook added:

"The President wants Johnson on the ticket with him if his habits will permit; and the General has been sent here to look after things."

As soon as we separated I went to Mr. Johnson's house and awoke him, as it was about eleven o'clock, and he had retired. I repeated to him, as nearly as I could, the exact dialogue, and he then sat up in bed and said:

"I want you to leave for Washington tomorrow. Go direct to Colonel Forney and repeat to him what you have said to me, and ask him to look out for my interests."

I left Nashville the following morning, and arrived in Philadelphia in four days, where I met Colonel Forney, and carried out my instructions—and these were the first positive acts performed that led up to the nomination of Johnson a short time afterward.

The capacious work entitled "The Court of Russia in the Nineteenth Century," by E. A. Brayley Hodgetts (two volumes, Scribners'), embodies an earnest attempt to make English and American readers appreciate the difficulties encountered in Russia by the efforts of many of her sovereigns to introduce reforms and promote the welfare of the people. The author's candor and disinterestedness are exemplified in his prefatory admission that the Russian character is far from perfect; neither is it denied that the fiendish ingenuity with which certain mis-called statesmen have aroused the dormant passions and cruelty of the populace and arrayed them against the peaceable and industrious section of the population has justly aroused the indignation of the English speaking world. Mr. Hodgetts insists, however, that it would be a grievous mistake to assume that the Russian people as a whole delight in pogroms and carnage, and to confuse the disreputable element of certain cities with the bulk of the nation.

Recent arrivals of Angeleños at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, were: Mrs. M. V. McQuigg and daughter, Miss E. G. Wood, Mrs. E. E. Dryden, Miss Inez Dryden, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Webb, Miss Webb, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Lee Epstein, Sidney W. Reeve, Miss Widney, Miss Carrie L. Hall, Harrison Albright, Mr. and Mrs. Jno. J. Byrne, Miss Alma Martin, Mrs. K. O. Martin, Mrs. Ira O. Smith, Mrs. T. M. McDaniels, Mrs. M. J. Bagley, Miss Comstock, Miss Beiter, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Converse, Jr., Master Converse and nurse, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Speith, Carl Reger, E. P. Mason, Carl Leonardt, C. H. Wagner, Thos. Vigus, Geo. W. McCaskey, Trofue Van Culin and family, Mrs. A. A. Peters, Miss E. Siegel, Miss Annie T. Harkins, Miss Ida B. Gates, A. J. Sherer, wife and son, T. H. McGowan, T. T. Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Peacock, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Brown.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

By the Way

Gas Deal.

Not a single one of the dailies has arrived at anything like an approximation of the truth concerning the transfer of the control of the City Gas Company to Mr. Huntington and associates of the Pacific Light and Power Company, yet I venture the assertion that Mr. Huntington is not the real purchaser, but that Standard Oil interests have determined to enter this field. The Standard Oil people, be it known, are already on the Coast, and are firmly entrenched in San Francisco, although this fact has been denied a dozen times. Yet it is undoubtedly true that the Standard is there, and these denials count for nothing. There is a very close line of sequential reasoning which connects the Standard Oil with this purchase of the City Gas Company, and other very close lines of reasoning will convince any one who understands the inside of various business relationships, that there is going to be no fight between the City Gas Company and the Los Angeles Gas and Electric. In other words, the lion and the lamb will lie down together and no child at all will lead them. The real leader, to my mind, will be Walter B. Cline, who is as familiar as any man with the thousand and one angles of the gas game.

McLachlan's Walkover.

The biennial pastime of selecting a successor for Congressman James McLachlan has not excited the usual interest this summer. Discretion has once more proved the better part of valor, and those gentlemen who were "talked of" by ill-advised admirers have proved themselves wiser than their friends. Those who imagine that the oratorical gift is still the most essential equipment for a representative in Washington once more urged Mr. Lee C. Gates to shy his castor into the ring. Mr. Gates can talk like a blue streak when once started. But Mr. Gates has had all the personal distinction in political campaigning he wants for some time. His experience in the last mayoralty race will "hold him for a while." Besides, Mr. Gates could hardly look for the united support of the anti-McLachlanites.

Children's pictures in characteristic attitudes

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Adamant as is General Otis's enmity to James McLachlan, it is mild today in comparison with his dislike of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, and Lee C. Gates is one of the League's choicest spirits. The attempt to drag Mr. W. D. Stephens into the anti-McLachlan circus did not last twenty-four hours. Mr. Stephens had no time to listen to the importunities and promises of the ambitious Young Men who have formed a Mutual Admiration Political League, and were too modest to select one of their own inner circle as a victim for the sacrifice. It was a beautiful yarn, that Mr. George H. Stewart, president of the Chamber of Commerce, was to take charge of Mr. Stephens's campaign and that the whole force of the Chamber's steam roller was to smooth his track. But the only effect of the canard was to make every one around the Chamber of Commerce hopping mad, and to cause Frank Wiggins to pull his flowing mustachios into unusual disorder. The directors of the Chamber of Commerce have the best of reasons to know that Mr. McLachlan's services at Washington are invaluable, and they would be the last to wish to see them discontinued. To add to the gayety of the campaign, however, it is to be hoped that the Democracy will find some young man—preferably a struggling lawyer in need of advertisement—willing to "run" against McLachlan, even if he is destined not to get much further than the starting post.

Chief Booster.

Mr. Stephens' proper title in Los Angeles is Chief Booster. In witness whereof read his address to the City Club.

Harriman—and Hughes.

Tom Hughes, who is one of the shining lights of the Lincoln-Roosevelters, and would be their leader in Southern California if his health permitted, is likely to fall into disfavor with the League when this story gets out. It seems that Mr. Hughes has some property that looked good for subdivision purposes. So Mr. Hughes determined to go into the acre and two-acre tract business, and in casting about for a name hit upon Harriman Heights, or Harriman Hills, or something like that. Anyhow the Harriman name is attached to the subdivision. And Tom Hughes is a Lincoln-Roosevelter, and carried "The Palms" precinct for the reformers at the last primary! What chance has he to repeat after naming a new tract after Harriman?

Stimson.

Speaking of the Lincoln-Roosevelters reminds me that Marshall Stimson is after the nomination for State Senator from the Thirty-seventh District—Carter's district. He may get it, and he surely will get some delegates to the convention.

Dr. Dillon's Preferment.

In making the appointment of Dr. E. T. Dillon as chief surgeon, succeeding Dr. Cates, the Southern Pacific has chosen one of the ablest of the many able young physicians and surgeons in Los Angeles. Dr. Cates

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has held the position for seventeen years and his retirement was due to a desire to lead a less strenuous life. Dr. Dillon obtained his degree from the Medical College of the University of Southern California and since his graduation he has been one of the most successful practitioners of the entire South.

A Costly "Victory."

Presumably the opponents of a new city charter are gloating over the action of the council this week making it impossible to submit a new charter to the people of Los Angeles so that it may be "ratified" at the next session of the Legislature. Most of those who are against any change in the organic law of the city are not saying much, but there is a brilliant exception in General Otis of the "Times." He is gloating openly. The ostensible reason for refusing to sanction the proceedings which will lead to the draft of the charter at this time is that it is unwise to mix charter making and politics in the same year. This is mere evasion. Many powerful interests in this city are opposed to any changes, and they very promptly bottled up the charter scheme in the most experienced and practical manner. There is, of course, a way to get around this action of the council, but whether it will be adopted or not time will develop.

Elks.

It was pretty generally believed by all who saw the Elks' train leave here last week for Dallas that there could be no doubt as to the result of the balloting for the convention of 1909, and very enthusiastic were the people of this city on Tuesday last, when the news was received from various sources that Los Angeles had been selected for the coming year by a majority vote of 154. The despatches from Dallas convey the intelligence that a barbecue was held there at which 30,000 people were fed, and at which was consumed many tons each of bread, beef, mutton and fruit, produced in Texas, and several thousand bottles of wine and beer. It is fair to presume, as there were 60,000 visitors to Dallas, that there will be 260,000 in Los Angeles in 1909.

Among the most noted of the Los Angeles boosters were Mayor Harper, Freddie Maier, "Jack" Martin, M. J. McGarry, Al Levy, Johnnie Mott, John Brink and many others. In fact, the whole of the eighty delegates were conspicuous boosters, but the above named performed work along particular lines.

Southern Californians visiting San Francisco cannot do better than stay at the Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough. First-class accommodations and service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, manager, formerly of Los Angeles.

School Finance.

In matters of finance, I prefer to believe H. W. Frank and the committee from the Civic Organizations rather than the City Council. I believe that more genuine financial ability can be found nestling under the skull of H. W. Frank than under the combined skulls of the nine gentlemen in the City Council; and when the council sets up to criticize the management of school board finances, I would respectfully suggest that the council set its own house in order. These

remarks are occasioned by the foolish resolutions adopted by the council at its meeting last Monday in relation to school finances. The resolutions were offered by Councilman H. H. Yonkin, whom no one ever suspected of being a financier, and whose political career leads one to believe that for years he has been seeking office rather than endeavoring to learn anything about finance. I am not in a position to say what choke-lock hold General Otis has on the City Council—but he has one. These resolutions show that all too plainly.

Moustaches.

Louis M. Cole is minus a moustache. M. A. Hamburger is minus a moustache. This frightful destruction of two cherished lip adornments grew out of a mutual daring match in which Mr. Cole and Mr. Hamburger indulged a short time since. Scissors and razors were brought into immediate use. Not having been called upon by either of these two gentlemen for expert advice as to future facial equipment, I hesitate to offer the suggestion that Mr. Hamburger keep on using the razor and that Mr. Cole allow the moustache to grow once again—but this suggestion is made only for what it is worth.

Moody.

At the recent annual banquet of the Ellis Club one of the guests of the evening was Mr. D. B. Moody of the Loring Club of San Francisco. Mr. Moody, who is an elderly gentleman, is one of the "Old Guard" of the Loring, and it appears has recently branched out as a composer. He left with the Ellis Club several copies of his work, and I understand that the Ellis forces will sing Mr. Moody's bit at the next concert. Alfred Metzger in the "Musical Review" says of it: "A particularly interesting item on the program was a composition for male voices, unaccompanied, by Mr. D. B. Moody, a well-known member of the Loring Club, which was given its first hearing at this concert, and was greeted with prolonged enthusiasm."

Hatless Freeman.

Lewis R. Freeman, former tennis champion of the Coast, traveler and writer, caused a sensation in San Francisco last week. He had been spending the last two months in Pasadena and at the family ranch in Ventura, and had come to regard a hat as a superfluous nuisance. Leaving for the North on a hunting trip, it never occurred to him to purchase a hat. Accordingly he arrived at the St. Francis without any headgear. Six feet two inches of bronzed and unconcerned manhood stalking down Market street attracted no little attention, and Lew Freeman finally took refuge in a

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hatter's shop. He selected the smallest hat he could find and disgustedly crowned his long frame with it. He returned to the hotel with a hat on. But on his next sally into the streets he discovered he had forgotten his hat. In the afternoon, once more hatted, he crossed the bay to San Rafael to see May Sutton play tennis. The usual wind was blowing and Freeman spent some time chasing his little hat around the upper deck. When it had blown off three or four times and the boat was nearing Sausalito, he uttered an imprecation that he had learned in the South Sea Islands and angrily cast the brand new but useless and annoying headgear into the bay. Freeman is now on his way to British Columbia, and intends henceforth to preach the gospel of hatlessness.

Lives to Travel.

Ever since he left college, some nine years ago, and had proved himself invincible on California tennis courts, Lew Freeman has been traveling up and down the globe. There remain few corners of the earth that Freeman has not explored, and he is equally at home at a house party in England as at a breakfast with cannibals in the interior of Africa. He turns his travels to good account and his writings are well known by readers of Sunday supplements and the magazines. He is also an expert photographer. Freeman bobbed up at the siege of Port Arthur, and though he didn't pose as a war correspondent, succeeded in accumulating a lot of interesting "stuff" and valuable "pictures." Freeman, who, according to his own account, allows his movements to be guided mainly by the conveniences or the whim of the moment, next found himself in Australia. He fell into the hands of a lecture agent and for several months toured the country giving illustrated talks on the Russian-Japanese war. "The lecture tour," says Freeman, "was sufficiently profitable to give me three months in London." Lew Freeman evidently is one of those few rolling stones who succeeds in gathering a good deal of moss. After killing a little game and catching a few fish in British Columbia, and also picking up a few tennis trophies at Portland, Victoria, and other northern points, he will return to California in time to take part in the Del Monte tournament in September.

Tennis on Hot Milk.

None of the stock photographs in the newspaper "morgues" will do for Miss May Sutton nowadays. When the tennis champion appeared on the San Rafael courts last Saturday her former friends hardly knew her. And no wonder, for within the last few weeks she has lost thirty or forty pounds. The "little" champion also appears to have gained an inch or two in height. Miss Sutton was playing in the North against the protests of her physician, but eased her conscience by explaining that it was "exhibition" and not "championship" tennis. The champion had everything her own way in her match with the little pride of the North, Miss Mabel Hotchkiss, who only scored three games in fifteen. While weakness from an illness of several weeks impaired the usual vigor of Miss Sutton's strokes, it was evident to the northern experts that the champion's game has gained greatly in judgment and also in grace. Her performance at San Rafael was the more remarkable from the fact that she was playing on a diet of "hot milk." The champion has been ordered to abstain from tennis for two or three months, but such an order at the height of the tennis tournament season is difficult to comply with.

"Love All."

Another engagement in the Sutton family is an interesting announcement. But, this time, it is not one of the famous Sutton sisters, but the one and not lonely brother. "Charlie" Sutton intends to bring another athletic girl into the family in the charming person of Miss Rita West of Riverside. Mr. Sutton is a rising young lawyer of Los Angeles, and last week brought off a double event by winning a bride and a case in the State Supreme Court. Miss West divides her energies between the golf links and the tennis courts, and is a near champion at both games. Although Miss West and the Misses Sutton had been great friends for some time, it was only six weeks ago that Mr. Sutton met the Riverside athlete and beauty. The young lawyer, however, played a swift game and the victorious result was announced a week ago. The wedding is to take place in Riverside in September.

The Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough streets, is the best place to stay in San Francisco. First-class service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, formerly of Los Angeles, Manager.

"Hobson's Choice."

The Hobson explosion at Denver revived the phrase "Hobson's Choice," and the San Francisco "Chronicle" declares that no one pretends to know what this term means. About a hundred years ago there was a livery stable keeper named Hobson in the university town of Cambridge, England. The undergraduates of sporting proclivities who wanted a mount to follow the hounds would repair to Hobson's stable. Out of the sorry lot of nags at Hobson's establishment there was little choice. So the sportsman had to take whatever was offered. Hence "Hobson's Choice."

The Anti-Billboard Campaign.

The "Graphic's" campaign against the billboard nuisance is spreading. The Out-



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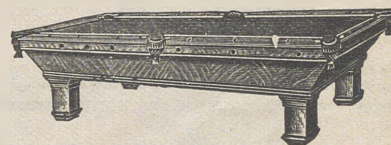
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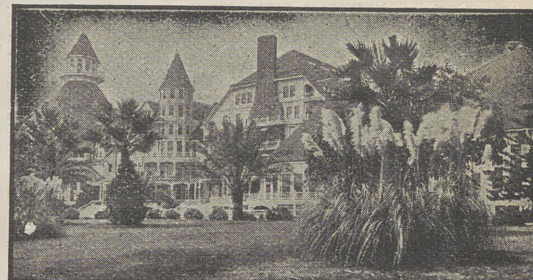
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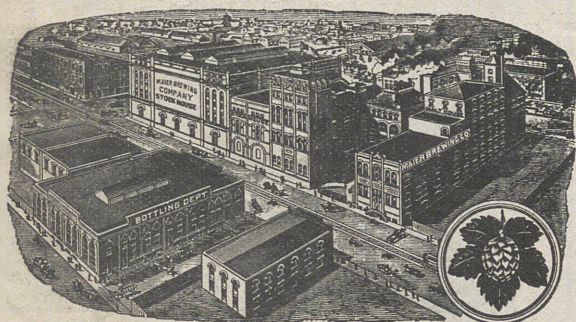
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door Art League of Alameda County was organized by the women's clubs of Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda last week, and its main purpose is to wage a rebellious war against the billboard monster. The League will not content itself with urging legislation against billboards, but proposes to enroll in its membership every member of every women's club in the county, and to urge that they refuse to patronize any merchant who uses billboards for advertisements or to use any article so advertised. This, as the "Graphic" has previously pointed out, is the surest way of abating the billboard nuisance. Whenever the women of California make up their minds to anything, the merchants will promptly heed them. The one lady who goes into a store and when offered "Scourine Polish" says: "No, I won't buy Scourine because it offends my eye every morning on the billboards" makes more impression upon the merchant than do a dozen heedless purchasers.

Janitors and Policemen.

The San Francisco daily newspapers, all of which make a specialty of catering to Organized Labor, seem to be quite unconscious of the humor that frequently accompanies the "news" from the unions. The "Call" gravely informs its readers that the San Francisco Labor Council indorsed resolutions from the Janitors' Union, which protested against the performance of "janitor duty" in the police stations by "policemen and convicted criminals." The city officials were requested to take immediate steps "to eliminate prison labor and to furnish all the stations with regularly employed janitors." The Labor Council, besides indorsing the resolutions, appointed a special committee "to look into the matter." The Labor Council should go a step further and insist that the San Francisco police be "organized." In the next big strike in San Francisco it would be very convenient to have a unionized police force. With such an alliance there would be no occasion for anti-injunction agitation.

Sample Union Tyranny.

It is difficult for Angelenos to believe the tyranny of the San Francisco labor unions. For instance, one day last week all work was suddenly suspended on a building at the corner of O'Farrell and Stockton streets because a prying walking delegate had discovered that the lumber used in the building

and already installed was not "union labeled." Several score of mechanics were promptly ordered out to join the army of unemployed. Such instances are not exceptional, but are of almost daily occurrence.

Another Industry Invaded.

The Bootblacks of San Francisco of course are organized. This skilled labor is performed mainly by Italians and negroes. The Italians do not quite understand why a gruff and well-fed collector comes around once a month and taxes them, but they realize he is also entitled to a free shine whenever he demands it. Some of them think it these dues are an imposition by the government itself, and declare that there is no such restraint of trade in sunny and freer Italy. They have been still more puzzled recently by the introduction of the nickel-in-the-slot shoe-shining electric machine. In the new machine you get your shoes polished for a nickel, which is half the fee charged by members of the Bootblack's Union. The Italians are indignant that the Labor Council or some other form of government doesn't abolish or boycott the automatic shoe shiner.

A "Business Agent."

The San Francisco "Call" also reports the all-important fact that "Business Agent" Drake (perhaps our old friend of the local Typographical Union) "entered the Vienna Cafe at 24 Geary street yesterday to induce two non-union waitresses to join the union, and was ordered to leave." What deadly and insufferable insult! The proprietor of the Vienna Cafe is not allowed to conduct as he deems proper and must not resent the interference with his business by a "business agent."

Items.

Other important events in the aforesaid meeting of the San Francisco Labor Council were fully reported by Mr. Spreckels's organ. A delegate indignantly rebuked the secretary of State for having dared to issue licenses to Japanese permitting them to act as chauffeurs. The Labor day parade was "agitated" and a delegate remarked: "The country has just passed two serious crises, the death of Cleveland and the nomination of W. J. Bryan. Another crisis faces the laboring men, and that is the Labor day parade. If that is a failure it will be a sad blow to the cause of unionism." The Musicians' Union reported that it had decided to fine any member five dollars who patronizes a Japanese laundry. During the last session of Janitors' Union, five "candidates were initiated."

At Avalon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Banning, Miss Katherine Banning, Miss Katherine Ayre of Boston and Jo Banning arrived early this week and are at their cottage on Summer avenue.

Mrs. Walter Cosby, accompanied by Miss Flora Howes, arrived at the Metropole Monday night for an extended stay. Mr. Cosby will join his wife later in the week.

Mrs. J. H. Kibbey of Phoenix, wife of the Governor of Arizona, has been spending several days at the Crescent. She was accompanied by her son, Walter S. Kibbey, and Mrs. P. S. Smith of Los Angeles.

Mrs. F. G. Moffat, wife of the railroad magnate of Denver, accompanied by her friend, Mrs. Hugh Price, spent a few days



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here this week at the Crescent Cottage, and will return for an extended stay about August 1.

Mrs. Walter L. Vail and daughter were over-Sunday guests at Hotel Metropole.

H. A. Heath, an extensive manufacturer of cutlery of London, England, is at the Grand View hotel for a month's stay, attracted here by the fine fishing. He is accompanied by his wife and son.

Miss Fenwick, Miss Anne Fenwick and their cousin, Walter McCloud of Eureka, are at the Burnham cottage for the season. Tennis, golfing and swimming keep the young people employed constantly.

Anglers at Avalon.

Never before in the history of Catalina Island have so many noted anglers assembled at Avalon. Sportsmen who have again and again established records in various parts of the world, have congregated to cast their bait at the fishing banks there and at San Clemente. The roster shows such names as L. G. Murphy, the Indiana angler who holds the world record for jew fish, his Catalina prize weighing 436 pounds, and likewise stands alone in his record catch of twenty-four tarpon in a single day at Aransas Pass. His fishing comrade is A. W. Hooper of Boston, vice-president of the Aransas Pass Tarpon Club, who last winter landed five tarpon on light tackle. Then there is S. A. Barron of Mexico City, who won a world record just the other day when he took a thirty-four and three-fourths pound yellowtail on 3:6 tackle—the heaviest fish ever taken on such light tackle. W. W. Simpson, the English angler who smashed

the world record last week with his sixty and one-half pound yellowtail on 9:9 tackle, still lingers, loth to tear himself away from such royal sport. Gifford Pinchot has qualified for a gold button with his forty-four and one-half pound yellowtail; Senator Flint is hot on his trail with two silver button fish; E. H. Brewster, president of the Light Tackle Club, is taking a hand, and last week won a gold button; Richard Seddon of Auckland, a crack angler and nephew of "King Dick," father of the labor party now in power in New Zealand, has arrived to take part in the fray. Daniel Frohman and his party of New Yorkers went fishing Monday and made such a haul that Mr. Frohman has been siezed with the angling microbe and declares that next summer will find him here for a fortnight's sport. Charles F. Holder paid a flying visit to Avalon early this week when he came over from Clemente on the Madrono, she being bound for supplies at San Pedro. Besides the party of government officials now at Clemente, Messrs. W. W. Simpson, E. H. Brewster, Gilmore Sharp, Rev. Dr. Atterbury of New York, B. C. Atterbury and son of Pasadena, A. W. Hooper of Boston, L. G. Murphy of Converse, Ind., Herbert St. Albyn Earlseliffe of Santa Barbara, and F. W. J. Weigmann of Philadelphia are casting their hooks there.


Reading Plays.

Surprising as it may seem, "the best sellers" at the book stores this week have been plays. The run began last week immediately after Professor Richard Burton delivered his first lecture. Mr. C. C. Parker, who has a distinctive book buying clientele, tells me that the demand is for anything and everything—Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Sudermann, Bernard Shaw, Oscar Wilde—anything. These talks of Professor Burton will clear the shelves of all of the booksellers of plays.

Sunseters' Midsummer Outing.

The midsummer outing of the Sunset Club will take place this year at the Hotel Coronado, a special train leaving La Grande station at 2 o'clock on Saturday next, and returning the following evening, Sunday the 26th. The "Zobo Band," consisting of those members of the club who neither know how to play or sing, and who do not know a fugue from a sonata, under the direction of Impresario Patterson, will provide discord between locomotive whistles, and the catering on the train will be done by Al Levy, who has for many years looked after the gastronomic desires of the club. The special committee, composed of John J. Byrne, Frank P. Flint, Burt Estes Howard, Walter Barnwell, R. W. Burnham, Louis F. Vetter and Fred L. Alles, have made arrangements for a sleepless night on the 25th, and there will be incidents that will make the efforts of the Washington Gridiron Club prosy in comparison. As a matter of fact, there are no pachyderms nor pachydaetyls among the "goats" of the Sunset Club, nor no proantitranstantiationists among the "sheep." If the "Ass. Press" correspondents next Sunday morning hear something "drap" an hour or two before the monarch of day flings his splendors over a sleeping world, please don't telegraph to the friendly papers of San Francisco and Florida that San Diego has been destroyed by an earthquake.

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Dr. Wiley's Dough.

Dr. H. W. Wiley is one of the prominent authorities on foodstuffs, and is head of the National Pure Food Commission. He is the same gentleman who has made himself famous or infamous in California by his opposition to the use of sulphur in bleaching fruit during the drying process, a process, by the way, which makes for elimination of bugs from the fruit. Now Dr. Wiley has a new claim to fame. He says that bad dough is

responsible for more than half of the divorces, and that if housewives generally knew how to make dough and bake bread, the divorce courts would become less of a blot upon the face of the earth than they are now. Dr. Wiley says: "Wifey's bread has been more the enemy of domestic infidelity than any other thing, and when this is removed we shall find less trouble. The difficulty has been that lots of bread in this country is not fit to eat. I do not know whether the millers are at fault, but I'm going to tell you that something is in the wrong. I don't see any reason why the color nature gave to flour is objectionable."

Mrs. Finn.

The "Examiner," as was expected, is throwing a daily fit over the plight in which Mrs. Margaret Finn, the slayer of one Ed Mahaffey, now finds herself. The "Examiner" is assisted in this by many club women in the city who are supplying the daily interviews, but I have yet to hear that anybody is supplying money for the defense of the woman when her trial comes up in court. All of which goes to show that talk is cheap, "but it takes money to buy a farm." No doubt Ed Mahaffey got just what he deserved when Mrs. Finn killed him, and there is no reason to suppose that when she is tried there can be any other verdict than that of acquittal, but at the same time, I want to register my protest against the exploitation of crimes, criminals and criminality to which the "Examiner" is so prone, and to which so many estimable ladies are lending the weight of their names in the "Examiner's" campaign.

Johns.

While Mrs. Cloudsley Johns remains in durance vile at the City Jail, I fail to observe any undue activity on the part of Cloudsley Johns himself to obtain bail for her. Maybe it is a matter of principle that Mrs. Johns should stay in jail, for only by this method can a "martyr" be created; (but I must confess myself unable to follow the reasoning of any man who will permit his wife to stay in the dirty hole miscalled the City Jail, when a \$200 bail bond would effect her release.) Perhaps Cloudsley Johns is too busy in attending to the propaganda to render this service for his wife's relief.

Judges.

In principle, the idea of the Bar Association to recommend the candidates for the office of Superior Judge is good. In practice, like many other good things, it can be worked to the advantage of this candidate and the disadvantage of that candidate, and if the program is accepted at all by either the Republican or the Democratic County Conventions it will only be after much protest and the making of many wry faces. The main objection which will be urged to adopting the program of the Bar Association is that the great body of the public does not desire to turn the courts into little mutual admiration societies in which the bench and the bar are participants. No doubt the practitioners of the Los Angeles county bar are better qualified to judge the fitness of any aspirant to the bench than the average ordinary citizen, yet on the other hand, the citizen sees serious drawbacks in any legal arrangement which excludes or practically

excludes him from participation in the selection of judges. We in Los Angeles County have had, on several occasions, judges who should never have been elected, but as an average the bench of this county has been entirely worthy in attainment, education and the judicial faculty. The people may have made mistakes, it is true, but not so many bad mistakes as lawyers would have us believe. The Bar Association makes this declaration: "When this Association can rise above political and partisan influences and prejudices and stand for the election of and individually support only such candidates as are proved to be fitted by qualification, integrity and independence for the judicial office, it will be in a position to advise the mass of voters as to the persons to be nominated and elected as judges of this county, and not before." This is all very well. The inquiry naturally arises as to who is to judge when the Bar Association will possess such qualifications. Is this matter to be decided by the Bar Association, or by the people?

The New Waltz

At the risk of a collision with Henry W. Savage's press agent, I publish this from his warblings about the "Merry Widow" waltz:

"Less than a month ago the National Association of Dancing Masters met in Chicago and condemned the 'Merry Widow' waltz. Now come the United Professional Teachers of Dancing to their annual convention in Toledo, O., and officially adopt the 'Merry Widow' waltz as the finest specimen of terpsichorean art that has been discovered for many a year. The new waltz had no op-

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position, and was therefore unanimously sanctioned for the nation's dancers. This will be of great interest in every part of the United States, for it means that the new creation will hereafter be taught in 1200 first-class dancing academies, and probably in foreign countries. The new waltz is to be executed to sixteen bars of music. The dancing teachers gave out the following description of the new waltz:

"Regular waltz position, facing line of direction; gentleman steps forward on left foot, toe pointed downward. Count 1, 2, 3; step forward on right foot, count 4, 5, 6; step again on left, count 1, 2, 3; bring right toe behind left foot, sink, bending both knees, count 4, 5, 6; step backward with right foot, count 1, 2, 6; step backward with left foot, count 4, 5, 6; step backward again with right foot, count 1, 2, 3; bring right

toe to right foot, bending both knees, count 4, 5, 6; step forward on left foot, count 1, 2, 3; bring right toe behind left foot, bending both knees, count 4, 5, 6; step backward on right foot, count 1, 2, 3; bring left foot up to right bending both knees, count 4, 5, 6. Repeat this movement.

"The instructors who practiced the creation in the Schackne Academy at Toledo declare the latest to be one of the most graceful and pleasing waltzes ever given the public. With the adoption of the 'Widow' waltz came the official exit of the barn dance. The dancing masters passed a resolution deciding not to teach this in the future, on the ground that the dance has retrogressed into a very unsatisfactory and unrefined affair, generally, sans all grace and beauty of execution. High-class dancing academies, therefore, will instruct the

barn-tripping no more."

There is an exhibition of water colors by C. P. Neilson in the Blanchard galleries.

Mrs. Nathan Cole, Jr., Mrs. Jack McCrea and Miss Gladys Cole have returned from a month's visit at Oakland.

Wednesday afternoon the beautiful grounds of the Klokke home on South Figueroa street were the scene of a brilliant garden party, when Mrs. E. F. C. Klokke and Miss Helen Klokke entertained a large number of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Newberry have returned to their apartments at the Hotel Lankershim, after several weeks' stay in San Francisco.

Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:—

In these days of directiores and sheathes and all the naughty, unmentionable things that we condemn and would dearly love to see and discuss, it may be trite and commonplace to speak of the modest bathing suits of neat skirts and bloomers and voluminous, becoming blouses. Of course, good taste prohibits a bathing suit that would attract attention—but how many, many feminine folk, beautiful and otherwise, have bad taste? But if you want a pretty bathing suit that is natty and made for use, take a trip to the Ville de Paris. There is nothing gaudy or showy about their display—just blues and blacks, with pleated skirts and waists of varied fashion. One pretty suit was in blue, trimmed with wide bands of white braid on skirt and collar. With a blue plaid cap of rubberized silk and shoes to match one could go into the water with the blessed certainty of being good form. Another grateful summer display of the Ville's is the kimonas. You can find everything you want from an elaborate plaited, lacy thing of frills and ribbons to the simple, dainty kimona of lawn and Valenciennes. They are delicious comforts for the long, warm afternoons, and you need not be ashamed if you are caught unawares while snoozing in the hammock.

You know it is oftentimes necessary, even betwixt seasons, either to buy a brand new bit of headgear, or to freshen the old up until it looks new. Well, once more Blackstones are proving themselves guardian angels by offering nearly everything imaginable in the millinery line at reduced prices. The ever-popular sailor hat is there in abundance and at wonderfully reasonable prices. You know what wondrous things this establishment shows in trimmed and untrimmed shapes, and in flowers, foliage, birds and beasts. If you want a bargain in any of these lines, drop in, and you'll come as near getting something for nothing as this old world ever permits.

The summer girl has not ceased puzzling over the ever-present problem of fresh frocks and new frocks. One starts out with what promises to be a lavish supply of dresses—but lo! they're unfit to be seen before the season is half over. If you wish to re-

plenish your wardrobe, go to the Boston Store, and see what I've seen. I could hardly keep my fingers off of a beauteous piece of blue and white voile with a quaint silver thread running through. And the glories of silk organdies riotous with delicate blossoms, and embroidered swisses, and every-

thing else from an everyday gingham to a bit of cobweb material that looked like "the stuff dreams are made of!"

Well, here's hoping you won't melt as my ice has a habit of doing.

Always, **LUCILLE.**
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On the Stage and Off

At last the seemingly impossible has happened and the Belasco has succeeded in securing a leading woman who combines the warm personal magnetism of Amelia Gardner, the demure grace of Lillian Albertson and the cleverness of both. A quaint, quiet little person is Jane Grey, with great blue eyes and the strong, sensitive features that are the real artiste's birthright. After a half hour's talk with her, a sincere admiration for her Juanita developed into a warmer admiration of Jane Grey. The Jane Grey of reality is a very different person from the Jane Grey who is nightly securing herself a place in the hearts of the Belascoites. The same soft, sweet voice is there, but there is no trace of the liquid, slurring drawl of the little Spanish maid. While not the slightest gesture is awkward, there is no trace of that peculiarly graceful Spanish swing of the Rose. In fact, the sincere plaudits which Miss Grey has deservedly received for her bewitching creation would be doubly fervent were the public able to appreciate how deeply her own identity is lost in that of the character.

Miss Grey favored me with a quizzical smile when I captured her in the Belasco office, and questioned her as to how, when and where she managed to procure the atmosphere that makes her Juanita so charming.

"Atmosphere?" she repeated, with an irrepressible smile. "I—I really don't know where I got it—that is, if I have it. I never met a Spanish person in my life. Perhaps I gleaned an idea from my books, which are my favorite companions. I saw Frances Starr in the initial production in New York, but I confess I have but the haziest of recollections of her. The accent was not difficult to manage, as I have a talent for French accent, and the Spanish was naturally easy. But I really don't know about the atmosphere. To be sure, I spent a day at Casa Verdugo, and partook of chile-con-carne—and other things. That gave me inward atmosphere, at least, 'emotional warmth,' you might call it."

She turned to me confidingly. "Do you know it took courage to come out here?" she confessed. "I didn't know a soul in Los Angeles, and I was frightened—just a little. But everyone has been so very kind, and I never played under better management than the Belasco. No, I wasn't nervous at my first performance. I suppose I

would have been had I not been so absorbed in my part. But I forget all about being Jane Grey while I'm on the stage, and I don't remember anything but my character. Of course, I feel the audience; I can tell whether it is sympathetic and responsive, but at the same time I am unconscious of it. So my first night wasn't so much of a task—until the curtain calls. And then with all the generous applause and the unexpected flowers that came over the footlights to me—a perfect stranger—well, the lump in my throat wouldn't be swallowed and I had to cry a little."

Miss Grey is only in her ^{44th} twenty-fourth year, although she naively and quite incorrectly informed me that she looked older. She is of the type that will promptly capture the adoration of the matinee maids. And in speaking of these much ridiculed girls, Miss Grey displayed a gentle sympathy that is as unusual as it is refreshing.

"I've already received several letters from them," she said. "I am so fond of girls— young girls. They believe in you so implicitly—never questioning that you are invested with all the glamor and romance of the parts which you play. I wish I could keep them always young; never let them grow up to find the hard realities of life—the fickleness of their own sex and of other things. There is so much trouble in the world; one can't live twenty-four years without finding that out—without facing bitter sorrows. It is good to be young. Of course, it's good to look back and remember when you had just the same ideals that these other girls have. And you musn't forget that it won't be long until all they will have is a memory, too."

She smiled, half sadly at first, then brightly.

"I'm right glad to settle down where I may make friends. Stock work isn't easy, but then it gives you a home, and you needn't always be tripping from place to place. I've played in stock before, coming out here from New York. I have been on the stage since I was a child, and during my school years made occasional appearances, despite the objections of my parents, who were extremely religious. I like Los Angeles and I like the people—and I do want you to like me."

There is little doubt that Los Angeles will like her. Generous in her estimates of her fellow actors; philosophic in a broad way not usual in a woman, and possessing every

winning personal quality—with these attributes she could scarcely fail. And after the finished picture of Juanita which she has given us with a brief ten days' study, there can be no doubt as to her ability as an actress. There is nothing that is negative about her, and I am willing to wager that there will be nothing negative about her success. I believe the "little Gray lady" has come to stay.

The cleverest turn at the Orpheum this week is that of Bert Levy, a cartoon artist of great merit and quick perception. His work is executed upon flat, circular glass discs upon a table, and projected upon a screen of heroic proportions by a mechanical contrivance of his own invention. His work consists of portraits of celebrities, comical and fancy heads. Also, the whistle with which he accompanies the orchestra is by no means unenjoyable. The writer saw a portrait of Lincoln that was really a wonderful likeness, and from the point of technique of execution was admirable and done with astonishing rapidity. A head of a woman, commenced as a Bridget, progressed through many phases of human expressions and types that gradually became a beautiful Gibson girl and again changed with marvelous dexterity to a bloated old woman. The quick changes in the expression of human types prove that Mr. Levy is a close observer of life and possessed of a sensitive and sympathetic nature, a man with a profound insight and feeling for all the absurdities of life as expressed by the masses in their daily struggle to outstrip each other for the Almighty dollar. Mr. Levy's clever sketches will without question prove a good attraction in Paris, where he goes direct after completing his Los Angeles engagement. He is billed for the Folies Bergeres, Paris, August 10.

The Gayety Company waxes exceedingly gay in "Gayest Manhattan" at the Grand this week. (Abbreviations of costumes warranted to make even the most blase baldhead sit up and take notice are in evidence, especially in a risque bathing scene. The dialogue of the comedy needs cutting, and the vulgarity might well be eliminated.) Songs are many and catchy, and the chorus girls, costumed and otherwise, are acceptable. Lack of vocal merit may be forgiven Edna Sydney for the fresh prettiness of her face, and Charles Giblyn does some real acting as a "has-been Hamlet."

Manager Harry Bishop of "Ye Liberty" of Oakland, has ruled out the orchestra from the theater. The Musicians' Union of Oakland figured out exactly how many musicians must be engaged for the orchestra. Manager Bishop decided that he could not afford the expense, and so resolved to get along without any orchestra at all. Inasmuch as he is violating no rule or regulation of the all-powerful union, he cannot be boycotted. Instead of having a regular orchestra scrape out ragtime and the "popular melodies of the day," Mr. Bishop will employ recognized musical artists, who will provide the entertainment between the acts. He will have plenty of

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talent from which to pick and choose. The union idea is that as many musicians as possible should find employment, irrespective of their ability. The Bishop idea is that attention should be given to developing and cultivating the musical taste of the audience.

Speaking of theatrical orchestras, there is a broad field for improvement locally. I hope to see the time when the trombone and the cornet are relegated to the region of has been, and other instruments substituted. With thousands of others, I am weary of the blare and blast of the average theater orchestra, "trombone," and the insensate tootings of the average theater orchestra "cornet." Let us have a reorganization—abolish the trombone and substitute an organ, or at least a vocalion. Then eliminate the cornet and add wood wind. If a harp is not available, use a piano. And finally, let the orchestra leaders realize that the "popular airs of the day" are not the all-in-all of achievement for musicians, nor do they confer everlasting and supreme happiness on the hearers. It is sometimes distressing to go to a theater and be pelted for five or six rounds with this variety of musical rubbish; and then to go to a restaurant and be treated to a second drench of the same stuff.

This is the summer season—the proper moment for reform. Let the theater managers have an ear for this cry; let John Blackwood, later on, refuse to permit the great organ in the Auditorium to remain silent between acts.

Madame Modjeska, although no longer on the stage, still takes a lively interest in everything pertaining to the drama. She thinks she has found in Sanford Treadwell the coming dramatist of the West, and has sent the manuscript of his latest play, "The Right Man," to her former manager, Jules Murry, with the request that Mr. Murry produce it. The play is a four-act comedy, with scenes laid in California at the time of the earthquake. The story is said to be modern and very daring. Some of the characters are new to the stage.

In brilliant dramatic effect, in adroit technical construction, and in logical sequence of action, "The Thief" is a masterpiece—one of the very few modern theatrical offerings worthy the name "drama."

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Some have called it melo-drama—but if this name fit it, then we shall have to apply it to each and every one of the great plays that have proved worth while. And after all, are not the instincts of humanity melodramatic? Beneath the veneer that generations of so-called refinement have put upon us, does there not lie the desire to fight the battle of life by sheer, primitive force—tear off the mask of pretense and the veiling of sham and stand forth unashamed and unafraid? And that is what Henri Bernstein has made his man and woman do in "The Thief." He has not treated them as puppets who dance to the pull of the string, but as creatures of flesh and blood—a woman who has abandoned body and soul to the adoration of her husband; a man who loves deeply and nobly, yet with that lack of understanding that the plot of life demands of man. A less skillful playwright would not have created sympathy for this woman who stole that she might have luxuries—he would have made her a degenerate. But as Bernstein pictures her, she is a wistful child, craving for personal adornment only that her husband may satisfy her worshiping heart with compliments and kisses. Evidently he seeks to prove that love is at once the most selfish and the most unselfish emotion in life.

"The Thief" is in good hands, as presented at the Mason. Margaret Illington is the star, and a somewhat puzzling star. One is at first conscious of a disappointment at what seems affectation of manner and speech. She is awkward in a graceful sort of way, yet never unpicturesque. And after a while her little shrugging of shoulders and odd enunciations seem natural, and one finds oneself honestly enjoying her. Delicious in her love scenes and her childish wilfulness of manner, she is wonderfully impressive when womanly emotions are demanded of her.

It is hard to disassociate Bruce McRae from the tailor-made Ethel Barrymore heroes—but as Richard Voysin he proves himself something more than a leading man—he acts powerfully and effectively. The cast is in capable hands—the work of Edward Mawson and Sidney Herbert being especially admirable.

An unrehearsed comedy effect, almost as enjoyable as the scene in which Voysin unhook his wife's dress, is the powder which adorns his coat after an embrace. Wouldn't it be just as well for McRae to frankly take out his handkerchief and brush it off, as to rouse the risibilities of the audience by his flour-ed appearance?

The Burbank Company is leading "A Strenuous Life" this week. Richard Walton Tully's farce is lacking in novelty; his hero is the usual glorious prevaricator who is an adept at explanations which need explaining, but there can be no doubt that Sunday's audiences enjoyed themselves. They shrieked and snickered, giggled and laughed, and applauded tumultuously. And, after all, it's the audience that counts at the box office.

William Desmond's great fault of obviousness makes him handle Tom Harrington rather badly, and Blanche Hall is far from her usual standard both in appearance and acting. As a typical college "rah-rah boy" Gerald Harcourt is a success, and Harry

Mestayer, lisp and all, is an unalloyed delight in a "Bertie, the Lamb" character. But Byron Beaseley runs away with the play as the much-abused college professor. It is an absurdly unnatural part, but Beaseley's genius lends it versimilitude.

"A Strenuous Life" is a good warm weather play. It saves you the exertion of thinking.

On Sunday, July 19, the Auditorium at Venice is to be opened for the summer season by the Auditorium Stock Company, a musical comedy company. Music and lyrics by Will Carleton of New York. The "Girl in Green" is the feature, and she will be conspicuous from this date on in and about Los Angeles, although at all times heavily

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veiled—her identity being concealed. Manager Janes of the Auditorium Stock Company at Venice, is sanguine that the efforts of the management in producing a musical comedy will be appreciated by the throngs who frequent this popular resort. In the meanwhile look out for the "Girl in Green."

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Matinees every Sunday and Saturday, 10c
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Trusty Tips to Theatre Goers.

Belasco—"The Rose of the Rancho" bids fair to rival the success of "The Girl," and will illuminate the Belasco stage for a third week.

Burbank—"The Lady from Laramie," in which Miss Jessie Mae Hall was last seen here, will be the Burbank offering next week.

Fischer's—"Love in the Dark," next week's musical comedy at Fischer's, should prove a laugh-maker of generous proportions. It is a merry mix-up over the misdelivery of two love letters, one written by a youthful lover to his sweetheart, and the other her note of protest over the first letter not having reached her. Complications are numerous before the tangle is finally straightened out. Evan Baldwin is the impetuous lover, Miss Hazel Salmon his sweetheart, Miss Bessie Tannehill a burlesque queen whose part in the misunderstandings is no small one. The rascally servant whose failure to obey orders causes most of the trouble is personated by Dick Cummings, Miss Nellie Montgomery appearing as his sweetheart. Willis West for the once divested of his German dialect plays a country relative to the leading man, and Herb Bell is a persistent collector of bills. Among the songs interpolated are "The Days of '49," "Birds of a Feather," and "Over in Germany."

VENICE AUDITORIUM

Beginning Sunday, July 19,

Musical Comedy Co.

—IN—

"The Girl in Green"

Every evening and Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday Matinees.

Admission to Balcony 10 cents—Boxes 25 and 35 cents

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Among the Artists

BY RENE T. DE QUELIN

An article published in the "Times" of Sunday, July 5, claims that an artist, Max Friederang, who has just completed some decorations in General Otis's residence, states that through influence at the Vatican he is the only one who knows the secret of fresco painting as practiced by Michael Angelo. This is a most absurd and preposterous statement. Fresco painting is not a "black art" or a mystery of any sort. Very many men of prominence have had very much better opportunity to search for information in the Vatican than Max Friederang ever had or could have. Such a statement as made is neither courteous to the educated, just to the student, nor progressive towards the fine arts.

True fresco painting, not the kind that is known generally by that name today, (water colors mixed with glue), but the real thing has been executed by numbers of artists everywhere. For those who are interested we publish the complete method of true fresco painting as practiced by the artists of the Renaissance and especially by Michael Angelo, who obtained and perfected the method from the Greeks: "Fresco" is an Italian word that means fresh. Fresco painting means painting on fresh, wet plaster. *Buon fresco*, means real fresco as distinguished from the false. All sorts of mural paintings, from distemper to encaustic, are indiscriminately and falsely called fresco painting.

Following we give the process in the execution of the true fresco:

First—Pure limestone is subjected to heat,

the carbonic acid is expelled, and there remains lime. If to this lime, water be added, the result will be hydrate of lime. Only a certain amount of water combines chemically with the lime, hydrate of lime being a powder. The rest of the water mixes with it mechanically. When hydrate of lime is exposed to air, the water is expelled by carbonic acid, and the result is again carbonate of lime, or the original limestone, chemically speaking, for practically the cohesion of limestone is never regained.

Sand is usually mixed with the liquid lime to augment its cohesiveness. The latter acts chemically, but very feebly, on the former. The mixture is chiefly mechanical.

Second—The pigments are applied while the wet plaster is drying and hardening; that is, while carbonic acid is expelling the water. The painting must be finished before its expulsion is complete. A thin crust of carbonate of lime will then be formed over the painting, protecting it from water and moderate friction. If the painting be continued after the plaster has lost the greater part of its water, no crust will be formed, and the pigments will be deprived of their natural protection. Moreover, when dry, they will exhibit chalky spots.

Fresco, then, is durable not because the colors are absorbed by the plaster, as many erroneously suppose, but because they are protected by it chemically.

Very little is known about the reciprocal action of lime and sand. It has been noticed that for the first four or five hundred years plaster gains in carbonate of lime, and that afterwards it loses in carbonate and gains in silicate. At the end of two thousand years

there is very little carbonate left. In other words, the carbonate is formed first then the silicate."

The first care is for the proper construction of the walls before plastering. No such walls as are generally constructed now are good for fresco painting. The best kind of wall is a double one of brick or stone; that is, one allowing an air chamber between, and the wall must be thoroughly dried out before attempting to plaster, although it is necessary to wet the surface when applying the plaster. A wall not over two brick thick is the best.

"In making the plaster the lime is of principal importance. A limestone free from foreign ingredients yields the best lime for fresco. After the lime has been well mixed with water till it has attained the consistency of cream, it is poured into earthen pits and kept there for at least a year, the longer the better. Lime remains caustic till it has gained its maximum of carbonic acid, which it attracts from the atmosphere while drying. But the causticity cannot be reduced by exposing to the air for any length of time, as it would become too hard for handling. Yet wet lime can be rendered less caustic in several ways without losing its requisite causticity. The old masters used to wash it frequently in a river or spring containing carbonic acid. The lime is taken out of the pit, again mixed with water until it is the consistency of milk, well strained, and the superfluous water poured off, which will make it the consistency of cream cheese, it will then be ready to mix with sand, which must be well washed, sharp, river sand. Two plasterings are necessary for fresco—

the *arriccio*, or *arricciatura* or rough-cast; the *intonaco*, or *intonacatura*, or *scialbo*, or finishing coat. After the *arriccio* has been laid on about half an inch thick and thoroughly dry and hard it is ready for the *intonaco* or finishing coat. The first coat should be thoroughly saturated with water, spreading the *intonaco* in two thin coats to the thickness of a tenth of an inch. Some painters mix fine marble dust with the plaster, and occasionally color, with the *intonaco*, to reduce the whiteness to a softer tone. A fine texture is put on by some to better receive the brush by rubbing the surface very carefully with a cloth. All these preparatory stages must be accomplished by an expert. Now for colors—white is the great secret, and is made thus: Take very white slacked lime from the pit and put it into a little tub for the space of eight days, changing the water every day, and mixing the lime and water well together, in order to extract from it all unctuous properties. Then make it into small cakes, put them upon the roof of the house in the sun, and the older the cakes are, the whiter they become. If you wish to hasten the process and have the white very good, when the cakes are dry, grind them on your slab with water, and then make them again into cakes and dry them as before. This should be done twice, which will perfect the white. This white must be ground thoroughly with water. Many painters of prominence in Europe, especially Italians, curtail this process considerably. But this is the great Michael Angelo secret, which was really handed down by Vibruvius. The idea is to get rid of the caustic qualities of the lime; for this being a pigment with which all the others are more or less mixed, it would increase the already sufficient causticity of the *intonaco*." The palette is as follows: Yel-

low ochre, Venetian red, light red, raw and burnt sienna, raw and burnt umber, earth black, Cobalt blue, Indigo and pure or French ultramarine. Some use Naples yellow. For purple it is requisite to use burnt vitriol. Vermilion may be used, but must first be treated by placing it in a glazed earthenware jar and pouring lime-water on it. The water should be poured off, and the operation repeated many times. On account of the difficulty of some of the colors mixing with water, some artists mix a little size with them. To test the colors whilst painting, they are placed on a piece of dry umber or on the end of a piece of soft white wood, which absorbs the moisture quickly. As it is difficult to match tones in fresco, it is well to prepare enough for the work in hand. As the work must absolutely be finished whilst the plaster is wet, only sufficient is plastered that can be covered whilst in that state. The ordinary bristle brushes are used, only using long hair and not short. As a rule only earth colors should be used and a few mineral, but never **animal** or **vegetable**. For the drawing a pounce is usually made from the cartoon to give the drawing; some use charcoal, but the pounce is the better method, surer and does not disturb the surface of the plaster. Michael Angelo always used a pounce. The subject is drawn with one of the dark tones and the shadows indicated. The work is begun with light, transparent washes, applied with a broad brush, and finished with *impasto*. Warm washes over cool and strong over weak. The first washes appear faint and weak, but acquire strength and consistence as it advances. As soon as the water is rapidly absorbed from the brush when it touches the wall, work must cease immediately, otherwise it would cause chalky spots to appear when the work is dry. It is needless to say that this work cannot be executed during freezing weather. When the day's work is done all unpainted plaster must be cut away with a sharp instrument and the edge bevelled.

"Fresco painting is a cross between distemper and watercolor; not so clear as watercolor, nor so heavy and lifeless as distemper.

There are two schools of fresco; the one characterized by its comparatively thin, transparent qualities, and a moderate use of *impasto*, the other by a more generous use of it. To the former school belong all the earlier painters, from Cimabue (1242-1302) to Raphael and Michael Angelo, inclusive. Theirs are the methods recommended by Cennino Cennini. The other school came later, and is championed by Adrea Pozzo (1642-1709). But most moderns prefer the refined delicacy of what is termed today Cennini's manner.

There is unfortunately no record of the birth of fresco painting; the Greeks worked in it and it is conceded by most recent researches and careful investigations that the Pompeian decorative work was all executed by this method. Some forty or fifty years ago they were supposed to be encaustics, or frescoes waxed and cauterized, but it has been proved beyond all doubt that there is not a trace of wax in their composition; consequently they have been proved frescoes pure and simple by the method just explained.

It is well to say here whilst a great deal

of real fresco has been executed upon lathed walls it has always shown its folly, more especially when the lathing is inferior. The work of Giovanni da Udine in the Loggia of the Vatican is an example of this.

In place of fresco painting being a secret to one man it is well known to thousands of good painters and has formed a great study for very many highly educated men who have worked in it for years. The decorations by Sir Frederick Leighton in the South Kensington Museum, executed about 1876, were done by this method. John La Farge, president of the American mural painters, has also made great studies in all the methods of the ancients. And some superb works have been published in every modern language concerning it. The only reason that this method has not been adopted in America is that it is an extremely slow process, and costs too much.

Mr. J. W. Clawson, the portrait painter, is at work on a three-quarter length portrait of Mr. Homer Laughlin. It is a superb likeness, very strong and exceptionally forceful and characteristic, splendid flesh tones, fine values and well modeled, with a good broad and spontaneous technique. Another portrait by this artist is of Mr. F. K. Rule, also a three-quarter length size, but unfortunately being executed from a photograph, unfortunate, as the layman has no comprehension of the insurmountable difficulty in painting a good portrait life size of any person from a photograph. Why do not people do these things in life, so that they can be handed down in their families from generation to generation and not wait to have the family have it done through loving remembrance from poor photographs that have generally been retouched out of all recognition, or else from description? One does not realize the strain placed upon the artist to do such work. The portrait of Mr. Rule is exceptionally good and all that could be desired from the technician's point of view. Mr. Clawson is working in between times on some landscapes and moonlights, which have splendid values. A canvas that is unusual and more than good, is called "The Opera," showing a young lady seated in a box with a distant view of a Venetian scene on the stage. This painting is well worth a special trip to Mr. Clawson's studio to see it.

Mrs. Wendt, the sculptress, is building a special studio for herself adjoining the studio-home on Sichel street. When completed, Mrs. Wendt will enter upon a line of very serious work that will prove her ability.

Miss Leta Horlocker is working upon some important leather panel work, that will prove of great interest. The motive is taken from some old Venetian tapestries.

A call was made this week in Los Angeles by Harriett E. Carmichael, who is a member of the Artercraft Shop of Minneapolis, Minn. She brought with her some splendid samples of leather work, jewelry and Chromo-Xylograph work that was designed, cut and printed by Bertha Lunn. Also many illuminated calendars and quotations executed by Mary Moulton Cheney, that were unusual and exceptionally good.

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Autos and Autoists

By W. CUMMING MONTGOMERIE

There has been considerable discussion lately as to whether the speed of 121 and four-fifths miles per hour recently made by Nazarro driving a 120 H. P. Fiat at Brooklands track, near London, England, constitutes a World's Record or not. It does not, as far as the Flying Mile is concerned, for Marriott, driving a Stanley Steamer attained the fearful speed of 127.6 miles per hour, doing the mile in 25 seconds at Ormonde Beach in 1905. This, however, was on a straightaway course and Nazarro's was on a circular track of two and three-fourths miles. Marriott's was only a mile and Nazarro's was two and three-fourths miles.

The speeds that are now being attained

on the Brooklands track are phenomenal, and anyone five years ago who had said that a 26 H. P. Car would be able to do 25 miles at the speed of 76 miles would have been looked upon as rather crazy. Yet these speeds are a daily occurrence on this track, and it was only the other day that a 26 H. P. "Sizaire et Naudin" did five miles at the rate of 78 miles per hour. The particular race in which Nazarro made his wonderful record was in a match with the six-cylinder Napier for about twenty-five miles. Owing to an accident to the Napier in which it broke a connecting rod, the match was a runaway for the Italian, although the Napier was leading at the time that the accident occurred. This is the first mechanical trouble ever experienced by any of the Napier cars at any race meeting at the Brooklands track, although they have been regular entrants ever since its inauguration.

The Napier Company is now turning out a regular 120-H.P. stock car, especially intended for those of their patrons who tour the continent of Europe. I hear that it is just as silent as their 60-H.P. six-cylinder cars that they have been turning out for the last five years. This will be the largest stock car on the market.

Mr. Joseph Tansey of the Michelin Tire Company has recently been visiting the city in the interest of his firm, and I believe that he is trying to place an agency here. It will be a good thing for the motorists of Los Angeles if he does, as the Michels hold a wonderful record for lasting, and their speed qualities are second to none.

It remains to the automobilist of Southern California to boost for good roads, and although he will benefit to a very large extent it will be mainly for pleasure, while the man who will really benefit financially is, strange to say, the man who is knocking most. He has not yet been shown that he is the very person on whom the burden will fall the lightest—that man is the farmer and orchardist. He probably owns large tracts

of land, with enormous frontages, while the automobilist will not have more than a hundred yards at the most, and yet the latter will pay as much, if not more, in taxes than the farmer who is kicking all the time. How much easier will it be for the man who grows strawberries and other delicate fruits to market his goods in Los Angeles! The products will arrive in better condition, and will enable him to command higher prices. This is not taking into consideration the comparatively small wear and tear that his wagons and horses will receive. Never in the history of Los Angeles has there been such a determined campaign on good roads as there is at present, and if the general public will wake up and not let the other man do all the work, we may in the course of a year or so have roads equal to any that they have in the East. Oh, ye people of the Angel City! Can ye not see the benefits that will accrue to you, even if you do not own automobiles? Can you not see that good roads mean more tourists and that more tourists mean more money? Wake up, and when the vote for the new bond issue will be put up, vote for it, one and all of you.

It has been determined that as soon as we have roads out here to warrant it, that Southern California will hold a big international road race. Think of what this will mean to the people of Los Angeles! Think of the visitors that will come from the East, and indeed the world over, to see such a race! With our climate, we can hold it in the winter, when other parts are frozen up, and people less fortunately situated than ourselves will open their mouths in wonder and say, "What manner of place is this?"

Mr. Renton, agent for the Great Smith cars, is one of the most enterprising dealers in this city. He gets out and shows the public what his car can do over the roads of the country in which he is selling his car, and in consequence sells his goods when others sit still and wag their heads and cry over the bad times. This week he reports sales to Mr. Greenburg of Los Angeles, and to Mr. Hinman of Redondo. The Chanslor & Lyon Cup, which he holds with the record to San Diego and back, is a beautiful piece of work, and is well worth trying to get. He now has it on view in his show room on South Main street.

The first of the much heralded \$1400 Cadillacs will arrive about the first part of August. We are all waiting expectantly to see this new wonder.

C. C. Conn arrived in Los Angeles last Friday from San Francisco. Mr. Conn made the entire journey across the continent from his home in Elkhart, Ind., in his big Simplex touring car, and had no trouble with it at all. This speaks well for the Simplex cars.

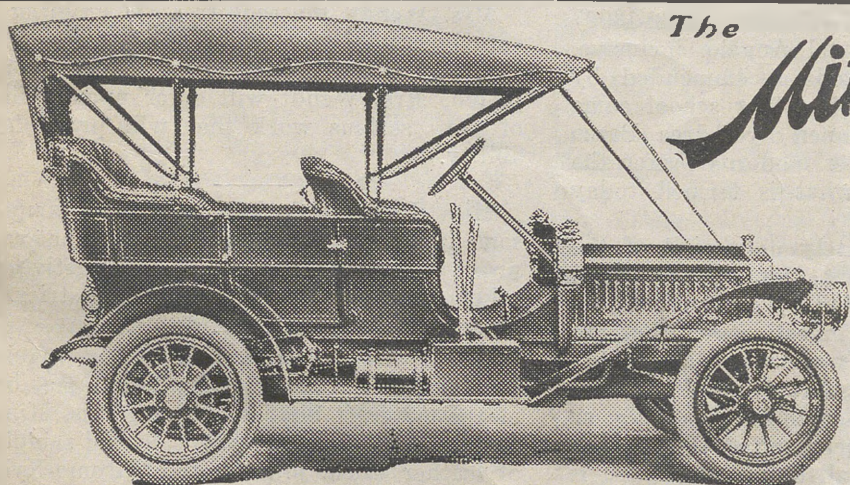
There will be things doing at Pismo Beach on Sunday, July 19, as it has been planned to hold a big race meet on the sands there. This beach is one of the best on the Pacific

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